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CLARA BANCROFT BEATLEY

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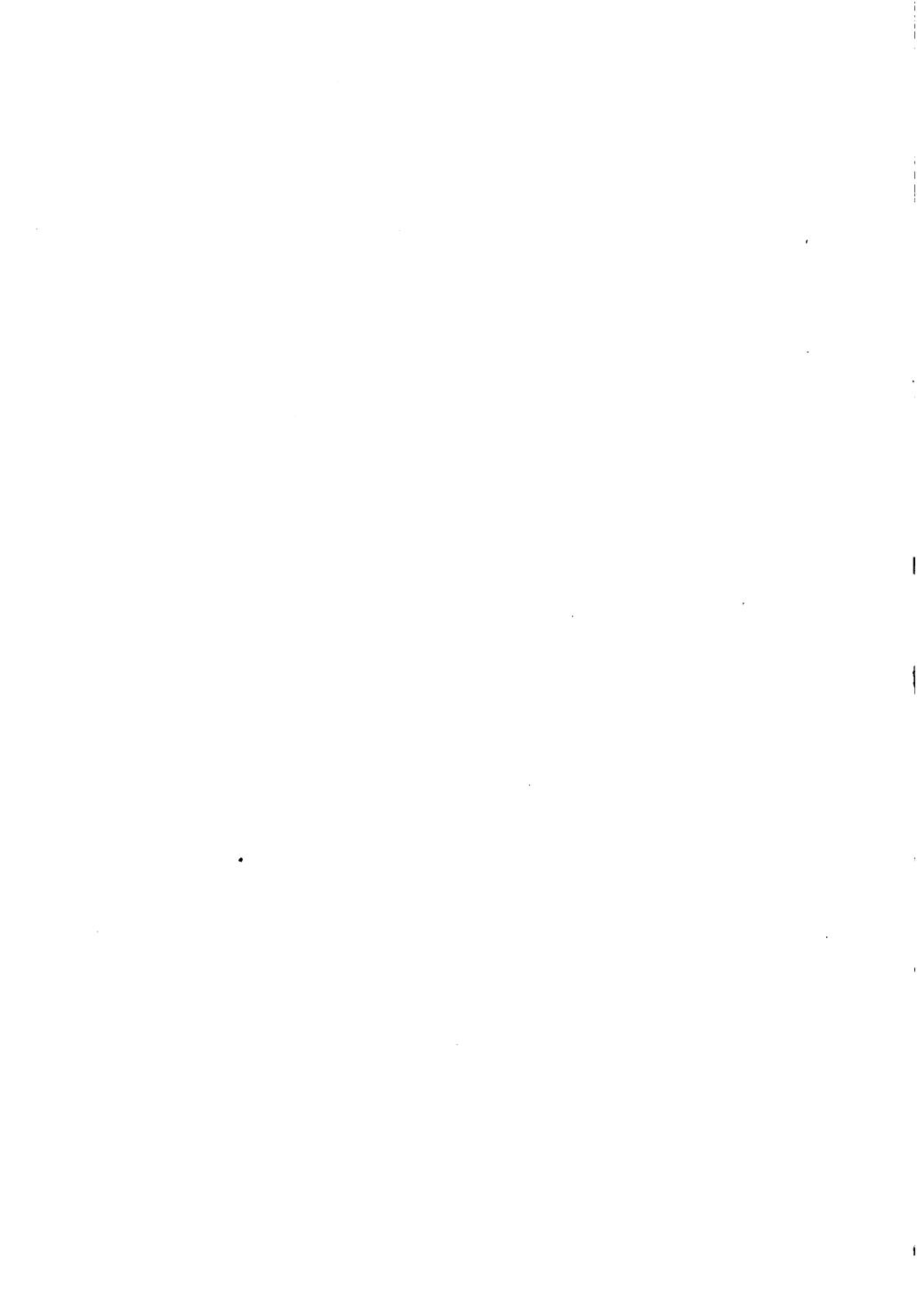
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A P P L E S O F G O L D



A P P L E S O F G O L D

A BOOK OF SELECTED VERSE

By

CLARA BANCROFT BEATLEY

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong ;
A second crop thine acres yield
Which I gather in a song.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BOSTON
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
1907

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Dedicated
To all who teach

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Foreword.

Poetry is the highest means of developing the religious sentiment. "Its sole aim is to keep open the great highway which leads from the seen to the unseen." The poet sees beyond the ordinary vision : he reaches the heights and depths of feeling. He reports what he sees and feels in word-pictures charged with emotional power.

The wise teacher, in the home, the school, the church, or wheresoever circumstanced, recognizing the disposition of the growing mind to receive suggestion, selects choice poems for memory-teaching, and early in life implants the ideals of conduct appropriate to noble youth and manhood.

This book of verse has been compiled to bring together, in convenient and attractive form, many poems and parts of poems for memory-teaching. Fifty familiar hymns, rich in thought and sentiment and universal in acceptance, have been included.

It is hoped that many of the single stanzas may be used by the family at breakfast, when, after the separation of sleep, the members come together in the light of a new day. A beautiful custom is the joining of hands about the table, and the reciting of an appropriate stanza, followed by a brief thanksgiving. Those who have awakened to this symbolism in childhood are free from the excess of consciousness which hinders family devotion. A simple quotation

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in a foreign tongue may prove a help to those who miss the ease of unconscious childhood :—

“Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour, the mill ;
And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,
And the sun, and the Father’s will.”

“Alle guten Gaben,
Alles was wir haben,
Kommt, O Gott, von Dir;
Dank sei Dir dafür.”

Other appropriate stanzas for this same purpose may be readily chosen :—

- “He prayeth best who loveth best” (p. 65);
- “If I can stop one heart from breaking” (p. 33);
- “I said it in the meadow path” (p. 16);
- “It matters little where I was born” (p. 31);
- “O gift of God! O perfect day!” (p. 49), etc.

The poems have been grouped under twenty heads, with the thought of impressing the ideals suggested. The needs of varying ages have been considered, with the hope of making the book generally acceptable.

Many a favorite poem and author will be missed, for no attempt has been made to present a complete anthology. With the abundance of material, limits were imperative. The choice has been guided by the aim to unite poetic beauty with teaching power.

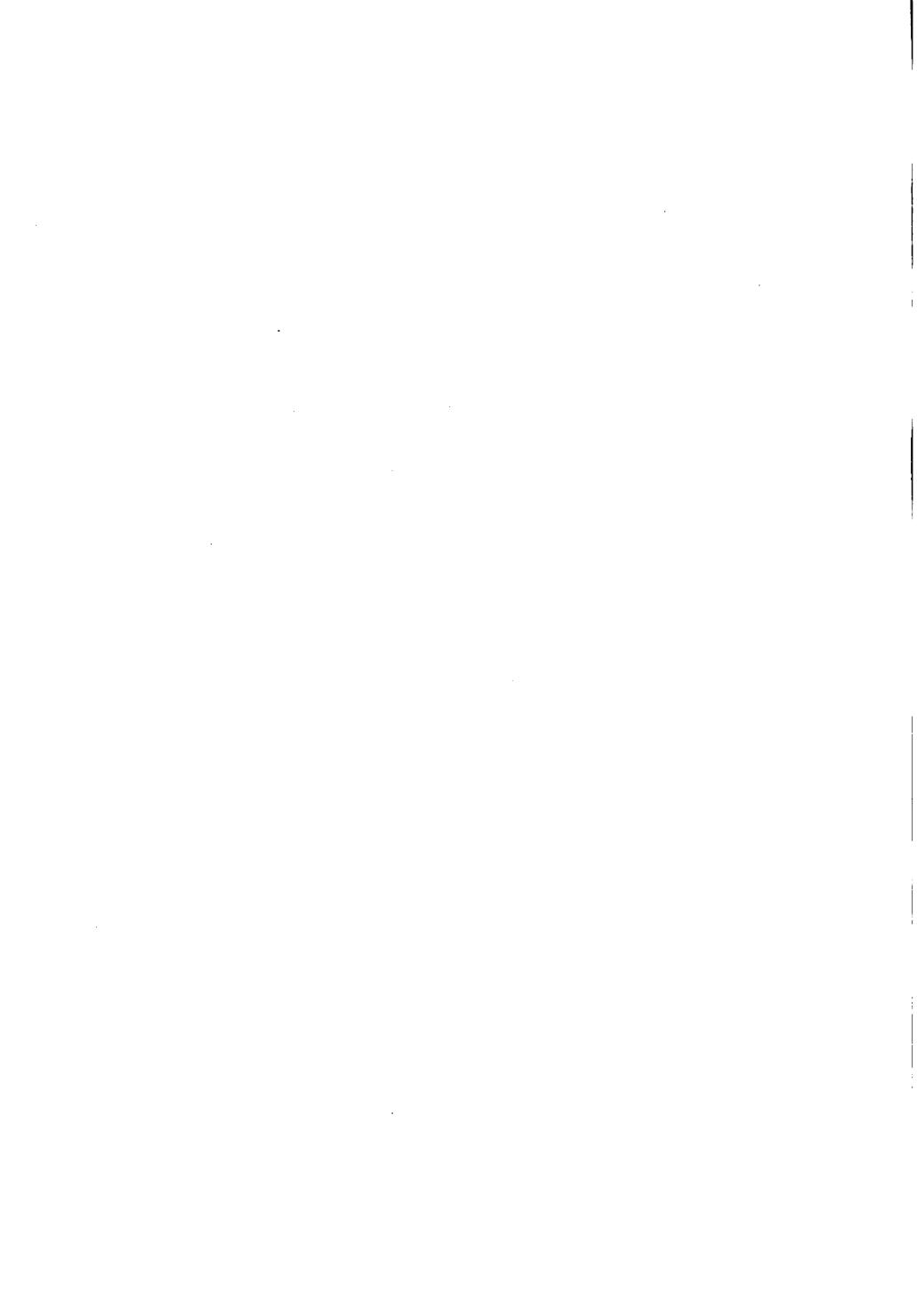
“Gold? Said I gold?—ay then, why he, or she,
Or whosoe’er it was, or half the world,
Had ventured,—had the thing I spake of been
Mere gold.”

O. B. B.

CROFTSMERE, September, 1903.

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**Each complete poem is given with its title placed above.
Quotations of parts of poems have the title below. Care
has been taken to indicate omitted lines and stanzas.**

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The Biographical Index of "The University Hymn Book," made by the Rev. Charles F. Russell, has proved invaluable for its verification of authorities, its tracing of hymns to original sources, and its careful numbering of stanzas. In choosing the hymns, the rendering of "The University Hymn Book" has been followed.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low !

Santa Filomena.

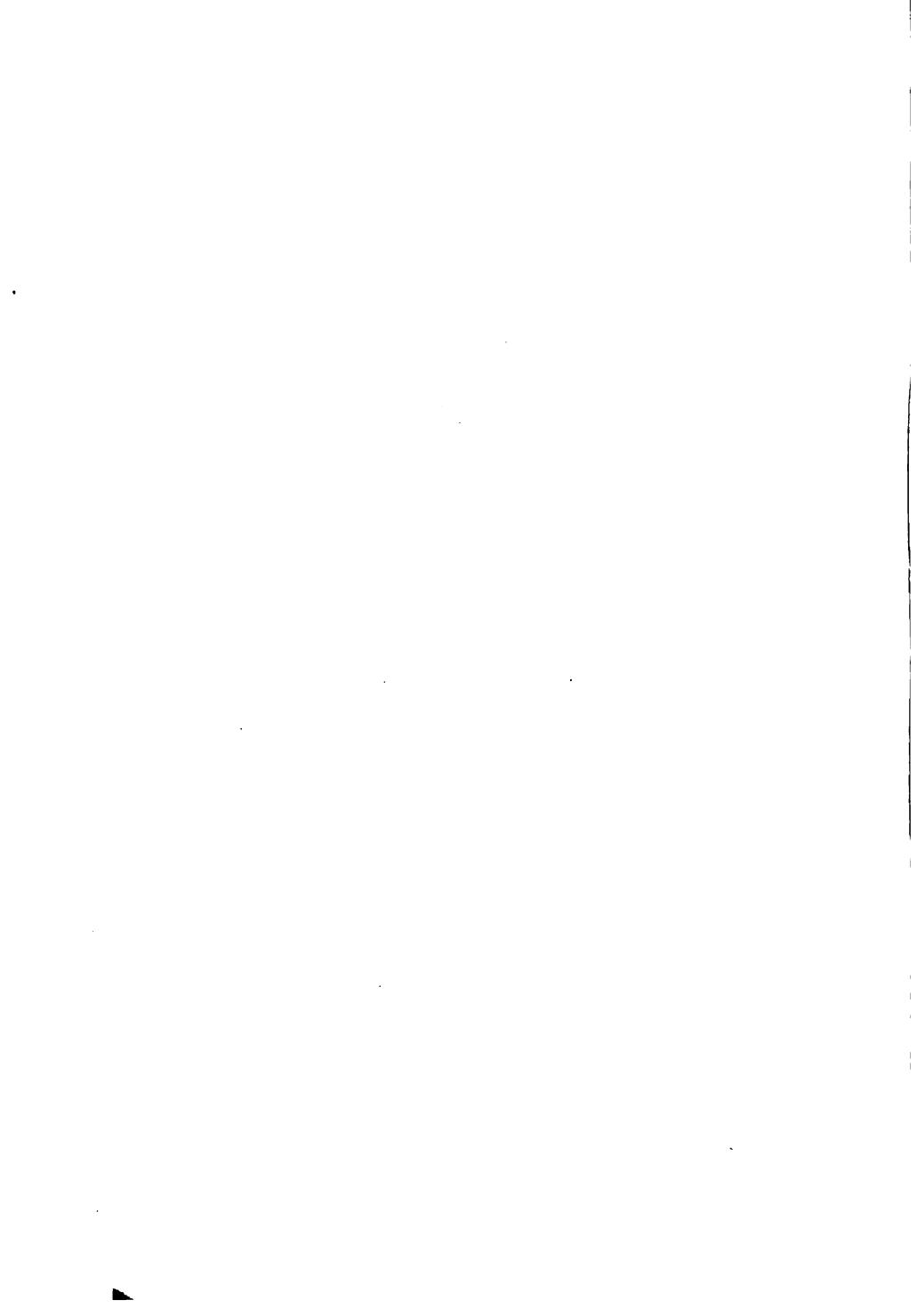
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I.

God and Man.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies ;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower ; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



GOD AND MAN.

HYMN.

God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
 Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in thee;
 Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
 Thy life is in the quickening air ;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
 There is thy power, thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
 Thy grandeur in the march of night,
And when the morning breaks in power,
 We hear thy word, "Let there be light."

But higher far, and far more clear,
 Thee in man's spirit we behold,
Thine image and thyself are there,—
 The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (1819-1892).

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God who is our home.

Ode to Immortality.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

APPLES OF GOLD

THE INFINITE.

The Infinite always is silent:
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.

We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

The gods man makes he breaks; proclaims them each
Immortal, and himself outlives them all:
But whom he set not up he cannot reach
To shake his cloud-dark, sun-bright pedestal.

Epigrams. WILLIAM WATSON.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

The Problem. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Speak to him thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit
can meet—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands
and feet.

The Higher Pantheism. ALFRED TENNYSON.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
His hearth the earth,— his hall, the azure dome ;
Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
By God's own light, illumined and foreshown.

Woodnotes. RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

G O D A N D M A N

HYMN.

O God, whose presence glows in all,
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM (1793-1870).

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

The Problem.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE INNER VOICE.

I hear it often in the dark,
I hear it in the light,—
Where is the Voice that comes to me
With such a quiet might ?

A P P L E S O F G O L D

It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars !
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars !

O, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky that opens with
Those voices of surprise ?

Then is God's heaven my very soul !
And his, so sweet and strong,
The Breath that sweeps its silences,
And fills my heart with song !

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

II.

Father and Child.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,
There's a kindness in his justice,
That is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled ;
And in every "O my Father!" slumbers deep a
"Here, my child!"

*Translation, through the German of Tholuck, from
the Persian. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.*

FATHER AND CHILD.

HIDDEN LIFE.

Since Eden it keeps the secret !
Not a flower beside it knows
To distil from the day the fragrance
And beauty that flood the rose.

Silently speeds the secret
From the loving eye of the sun
To the willing heart of the flower ;
The life of the twain is one.

Folded within my being,
A wonder to me is taught,
Too deep for curious seeing,
Or fathom of sounding thought.

Of all sweet mysteries holiest !
Faded are rose and sun !
The Highest hides in the lowliest ;
My Father and I are one !

CHARLES GORDON AMES.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

APPLES OF GOLD

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE FATHERLAND.

Where is the true man's fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned ?
O yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free !

FATHER AND CHILD

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man ?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this ?
O yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free.

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

HYMN.

O thou, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about !

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more :
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

O sweeter than aught else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see !

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.

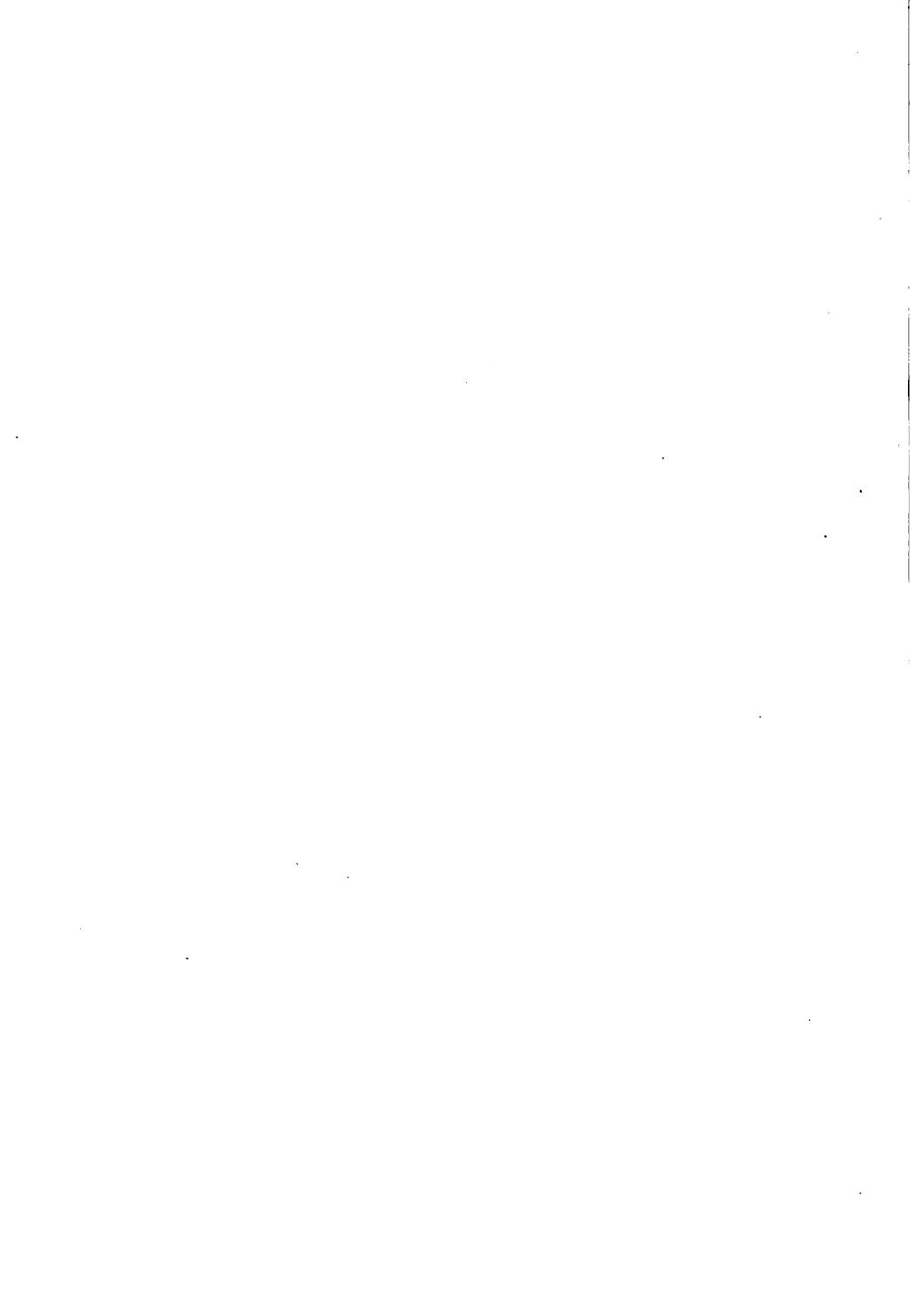
III.

Brothers.

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother !
Where pity dwells the peace of God is there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Worship.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



BROTHERS.

THY BROTHER.

When thy heart with joy o'erflowing
 Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy O let thy brother
 With thee share.

When the harvest sheaves ingathered
 Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
 Give the more.

If thy soul with power uplifted
 Yearns for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother,
 In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
 In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
 For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
 Sorrow's burden share ;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
 God is there.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS.

Little thinks in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;

APPLES OF GOLD

The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height ;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

Each and All.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need ;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare !
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I said it in the meadow path,
I say it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath
Are those that every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet,
Sweeter to me the wild rose red
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Shared.

LUCY LARCOM.

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great
judgment seat ;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth !

The Ballad of East and West.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

IV.

Disciple and Master.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

In Memoriam.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DISCIPLE AND MASTER.

JESUS.

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make,
And, like thy first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words, so strong, so sweet ;
I seek the footprints of thy feet.
But men so mystify the trace,
I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me, at thy side,
In thee, in thee so sure, confide ?
Like John, upon thy breast recline
And feel thy heart make mine divine !

JOHN DAVIS LONG.

CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

I.

Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches forth
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

“Glory to God !” the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
“Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !”

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born ;
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS (1810-1876).

II.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
“Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King.”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,

D I S C I P L E A N D M A S T E R

And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS (1810-1876).

III.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray !
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day !
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel !

PHILLIPS BROOKS (1835-1898).

IV.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman ! doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller ! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman ! tell us of the night.
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

D I S C I P L E A N D M A S T E R

Watchman ! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller ! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman ! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
Lo ! the Son of God is come !

JOHN BOWRING (1792-1872).

V.

“What means this glory round our feet,”
The Magi mused, “more bright than morn ?”
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born !”

“What means that star ?” the shepherds said,
“That brightens through the rocky glen ?”
And angels answering overhead
Sang, “Peace on earth, good-will to men !”

’Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb ;
We wait for him like them of yore ;
Alas, he seems so slow to come !

But it was said in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,

A P P L E S O F G O L D

If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891).

O thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

Thee would I sing : thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes : thou art still the life ; thou art the way
The holiest know,—light, life, and way of heaven ;—
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the truth, life, way, that thou hast given.

From a Sonnet.

THEODORE PARKER (1810-1860).

JESUS.

Immortal by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air ;

D I S C I P L E A N D M A S T E R

We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Ernest of life for evermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear !

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !
Speed on thy conquering way
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.

O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The light, the truth, the way.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be ?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

Our Master (selected stanzas).

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

APPLES OF GOLD

HYMN.

For my Brother's Ordination.

Christ to the young man said : " Yet one thing more ;
If thou wouldest perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me ! "

Within this temple, Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
" Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ? "

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer ? Follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King —
Else, wherefore born ?

Idylls of the King.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

V.

Character and Salvation.

Be noble ! And the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Sonnets to A. C. L.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

To be saved is only this,
Salvation from our selfishness.

The Meeting.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



CHARACTER AND SALVATION.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen ; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence ;
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference ?

This I moreover hold and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go :
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the sickle's rush
Through wheat fields, or the fall of showers,
Or by some cabin door a bush
Of rugged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints ; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

ALICE CARY.

APPLES OF GOLD

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,—
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day :

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem — may his tribe increase ! —
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou ?” The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one ?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had
blessed —
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

CHARACTER AND SALVATION

It matters little where I was born,
Whether my parents were rich or poor,
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure ;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much.

FROM THE SWEDIAN.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands :
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like the sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,— rejoicing,— sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again :
His actions won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of thefeat.

Character.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CHARACTER AND SALVATION

But when they stripped him of his ornaments
It was the baubles lost their grace, not he.

It seemed the soul within him made his limbs
And made them grand. The baubles were well gone,
He stood the more a king, when bared to man.

Spanish Gypsy.

GEORGE ELIOT.

He did too many grandnesses, to note
Much in the meaner things about his path.

Balaustion's Adventure.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Then let us pray that come it may —
As come it will for a' that —
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ;

For a' that, and a' that
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that !

Honest Poverty.

ROBERT BURNS.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Poems.

EMILY DICKINSON.

He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

APPLES OF GOLD

With reverent feet the earth he trod
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as the love of God
And ample as the wants of man.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HYMN.

Go forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth.
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth !
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (1819-1892).

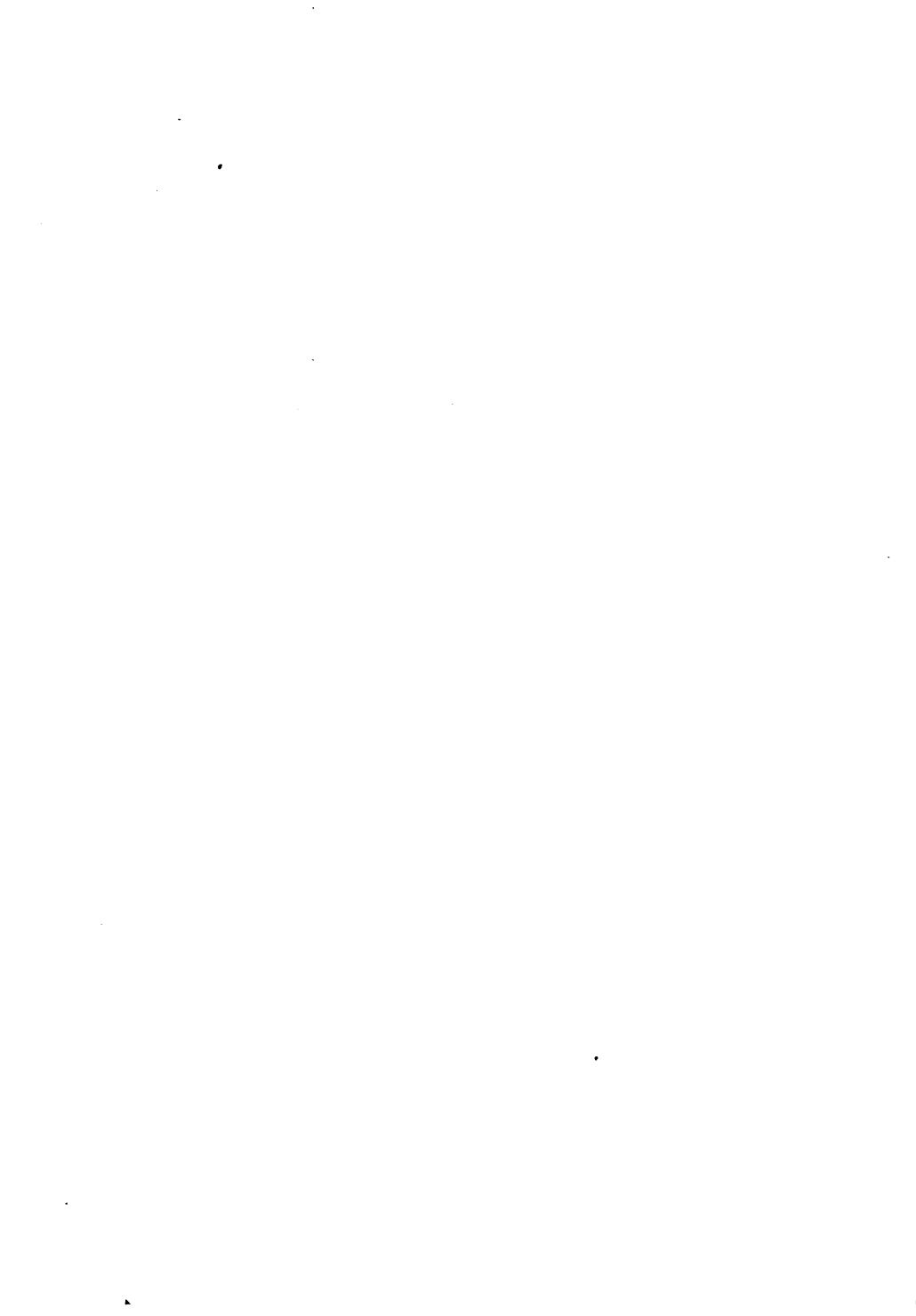
VI.

Progress.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea.

The Chambered Nautilus.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



PROGRESS.

HYMN.

Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight
Through present wrong the eternal right ;
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man,—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore :
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

Selected Stanzas from "The Chapel of the Hermits."
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892).

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Heaven is not reached by a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

Gradatim.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

The Ladder of Saint Augustine. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Progress is
The law of life, man is not Man as yet.
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows : when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy.

Paracelsus.

ROBERT BROWNING.

CONSIDER THE LILIES, HOW THEY GROW.

He hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air ;

P R O G R E S S

He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him, who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee ;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man !
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan :
The flower-horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows !
We hear thy wide worlds echo,—
See how the lily grows !

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought ;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all !

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

HYMN.

Our God, our God, thou shinest here ;
Thine own this latter day ;
To us thy radiant steps appear,
Here goes thy glorious way.

APPLES OF GOLD

We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore :
On us thou streamest strong and bright ;
Thy coming is not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee ;
New births are in thy grace :
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy out-goings bright ;
Down cometh thy full power :
We, the glad bearers of thy light ;
This, this thy saving hour.

On us thy spirit hast thou poured,
To us thy word has come ;
We feel, we thank thy quickening, Lord !
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL.

As journeys the Earth, her eye on the Sun, through
the heavenly spaces,
And radiant in azure, or shadowed and swallowed in
tempests,
Falters not, alters not, journeying equal, sun-lit or
storm-girt,
So thou, child of Earth, who hast force, goal, and
time, go still onward !

Translated from the German by THOMAS CARLYLE.

What height we know not, but the way we know,
And how by mounting ever we attain,
And so climb on. It is the hour for souls.

Aurora Leigh.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

P R O G R E S S

FESTIVAL HYMN.

Blest be the light that shows the way,
And blest the way the light has shown !
We welcome the victorious day,
And every faithless fear disown.

A tyrant God and hell's despair
No more distract our earthly lives ;
The heavens are wide, and room is there
For every soul that upward strives.

In love to God and love to man
Our simple creed finds ample scope ;
Secure in God's unerring plan,
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

Be gone, ye shadows of the night,
That once enthralled the darkened soul !
Our watchword is the Inward Light,
The Onward March, the Endless Goal.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

And if our poet rise
To the one theme which tries
All high emprise
Beneath — beyond the skies,—
If to his Lyre he add the octave chord,
Which chimes with each to sing the Eternal Word
And sound the praise of the Eternal God,—
With every year
That comes and goes,
With every tear
That fills and flows,
He knows that God as never known before ;
As he floats nearer to the Eternal shore
His love he sings, and scans his purpose, too,
With joy the prating schoolboy never knew.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Aye as we live, Life's song is better sung,
Aye as we live, Life's lyre more tuneful strung,—
The blind receive their sight, the dumb their tongue.
Aye as he grows, God's child becomes more young !

College Verses, Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Class of 1839.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

VII.

Nature.

Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

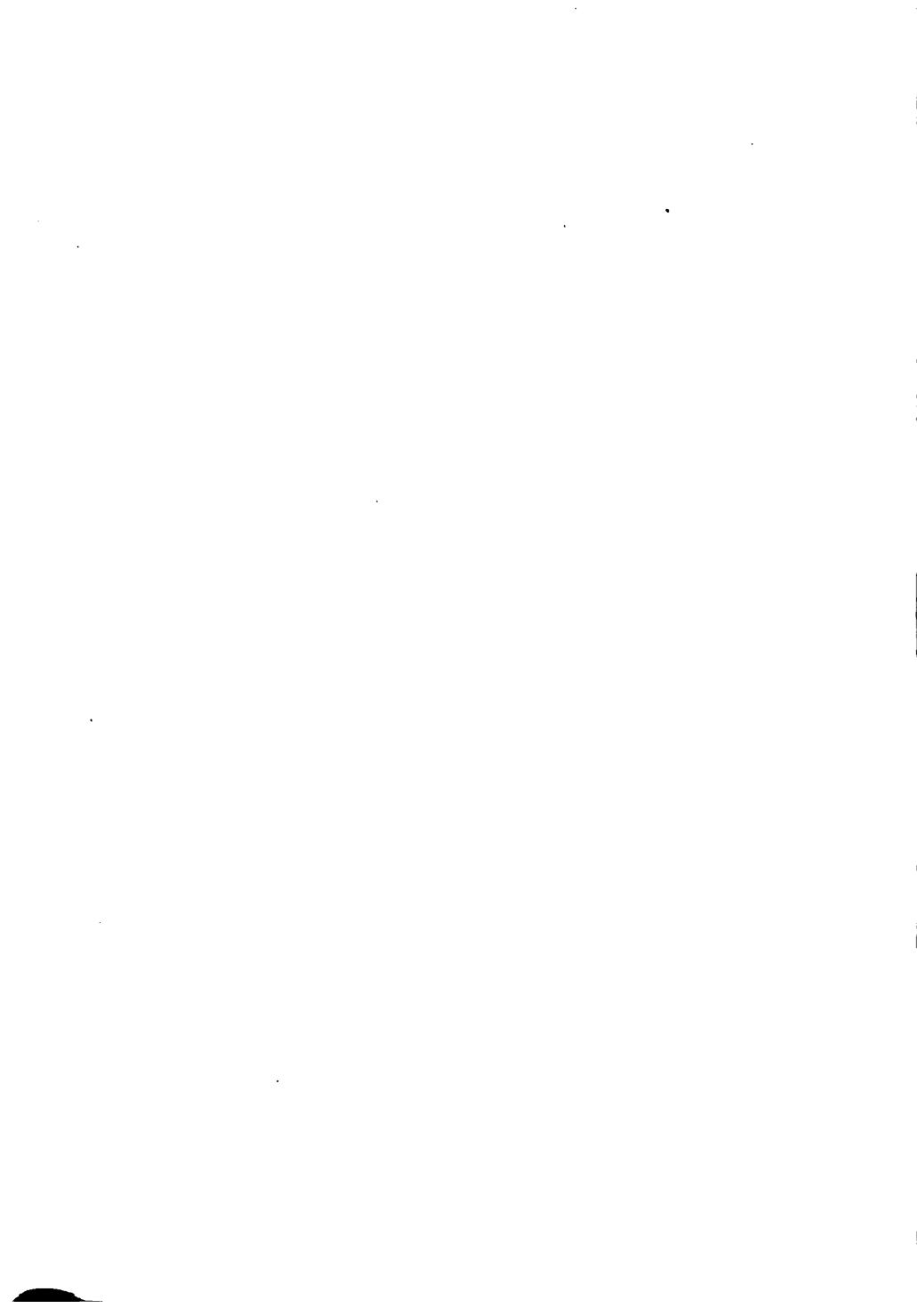
Aurora Leigh.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan ;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet ?

Good-bye.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



NATURE.

HYMN.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far :
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star ;

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine ;

The blue sky is the temple's arch ;
Its transept, earth and air ;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer :

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

The Tent on the Beach. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892)

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Sweet is the lore which nature brings ;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art ;
Close up these barren leaves :
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

The Tables Turned.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought,
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle ;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old ;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.

The Problem.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I know not what it is, but when I pass
Some running bit of water by the way,
A river brimming silver in the grass,
And rippled by a trailing alder-spray,

Hold in my heart I cannot from a cry,
It is so joyful at the merry sight ;
So gracious is the water running by,
So full the simple grass is of delight ;

And if by chance a red-wing, passing near,
Should light beside me in the alder-tree,
And if above the ripple I should hear
The lusty conversation of the bee,

N A T U R E

I think that I should lift my voice and sing ;
I know that I should laugh and look around,
As if to catch the meadows answering,
As if expecting whispers from the ground.

Poems.

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE.

It came from heaven, its power archangels knew
When the fair world first rounded on their view !
When the young sun revealed the glorious scene,
Where oceans gathered and where lands grew green.

Curiosity.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

Lines composed near Tintern Abbey.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there
And ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

Woodnotes.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune ;
Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
The sun obeys them, and the moon.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Orb and atom forth they prance
When they hear from far the rune ;
None so backward in the troop,
When the music and the dance
Reach his place and circumstance,
But knows the sun-creating sound,
And, though a pyramid, will bound.

Monadnock.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A world above man's head to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon be !
How vast, yet of what clear transparency !
How it were good to sink there and breathe free !
How fair a lot to fill is left to each man still !

A Summer Night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

O what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea ?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of
sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple, and nothing
withholding and free,
Ye publish yourselves to the sky, and offer yourselves
to the sea !
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rain and
the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mighty won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God :
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen
flies

N A T U R E

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the
marsh and the skies ;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God :
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness
within

The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of
Glynn.

The Marshes of Glynn.

SIDNEY LANIER.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell ?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads ?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone ;
And Morning opes with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye ;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air ;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

The Problem.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O gift of God ! O perfect day !
Whereon shall no man work, but play ;
Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be !

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward bent
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the west,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds ! And waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !
Blow, winds ! And bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love ! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song !
O heart of man ! Canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is and as free ?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;

N A T U R E

The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O, holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HYMN.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

APPLES OF GOLD

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
“The hand that made us is divine.”

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719).

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !
Thou teachest me to deem

More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

To the Dandelion.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd —
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :

N A T U R E

Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE RHODORA.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being :
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !
I never thought to ask, I never knew :
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought
you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

To a Mountain Daisy upon turning it down with the Plough.

ROBERT BURNS

And what is so rare as a day in June ?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays ;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

N A T U R E

HYMN.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

• • • • •
When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found ;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen ;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,

APPLES OF GOLD

Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among ;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher !
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst oversleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

The Humblebee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee ;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.

EMILY DICKINSON.

THE BLUE-BELL.

In love she fell,
My shy Blue-bell,
With a strolling Bumble-bee ;
He whispered low,
“I love you so !
Sweet, give your heart to me !

N A T U R E

"I love but you,
And I'll be true,
Oh, give me your heart, I pray!"
She bent her head,—
"I will!" she said,
When lo! he flew away.

MARGARET DELAND.

INDIAN PIPE.

In shining groups, each stem a pearly ray,
Weird flecks of light within the shadowed wood,
They dwell aloof, a spotless sisterhood.
No angelus, except the wild bird's lay,
Awakes these forest nuns; yet, night and day,
Their heads are bent, as if in prayerful mood.
A touch will mar their snow, and tempests rude
Defile; but in the mist fresh blossoms stray
From spirit-gardens, just beyond our ken.
Each year we seek their virgin haunts, to look
Upon new loveliness, and watch again
Their shy devotions near the singing brook;
Then, mingling in the dizzy stir of men,
Forget the vows made in that cloistered nook.

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

POPPIES IN THE WHEAT.

Along Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies lithe and fleet
Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro
To mark the shore.

The farmer does not know
That they are there. He walks with heavy feet,

APPLES OF GOLD

Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain ;
But I—I smile to think that days remain
Perhaps to me, in which, though bread be sweet
 No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad, remembering how the fleet
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

A ROAD TUNE.

Oh, there is morning yonder,
 And night and noon again ;
And I must up and wander
 Away against the rain.

The forests would delay me
 With a thousand little leaves ;
The hilltops seek to stay me,
 And valleys dim with eves.

The mist denies the mountains,
 The wind forbids the sea ;
But, mist or wind, I go to find
 The day that calls to me.

For there are mornings yonder,
 And noons that call and call ;
And there's a day, with arms outheld,
 That waits beyond them all.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

AUTUMN.

The morns are meeker than they were,
 The nuts are getting brown ;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
 The rose is out of town.

N A T U R E

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

EMILY DICKINSON.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye,
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

INDIAN SUMMER.

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June,—
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief,

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf !

Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join,

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine !

EMILY DICKINSON.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight : the whitened air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

The Snow-storm.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CANDLEMAS.

O hearken all ye little weeds
That lie beneath the snow,—
(So low, dear heart, in poverty so low !)

N A T U R E

The sun hath risen for royal deeds,
A valiant wind the vanguard leads ;
Now quicken ye, lest unborn seeds,
Before ye, rise and blow.

O fury living things adream,
On winter's drowsy breast,
(How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest !)
Arise and follow where a gleam
Of wizard gold unbinds the stream,
And all the woodland windings seem
With sweet expectance blest.

My birds, come back ! the hollow sky
Is weary for your note.
(Sweet-throat, come back ! O liquid, mellow throat !)
Ere May's soft minions hereward fly,
Shame on ye, laggards, to deny
The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,
The tawny, shining coat.

ALICE BROWN.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

Three Years She Grew.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And then while earth is darkening o'er,
While stars begin their tranquil day,
Rejoice that Nature gives us more
Than all it ever takes away.

The Sexton's Daughter.

JOHN STIRLING.

APPLES OF GOLD

THE CAMP.*

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit ;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

Travels with a Donkey.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying : "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod ;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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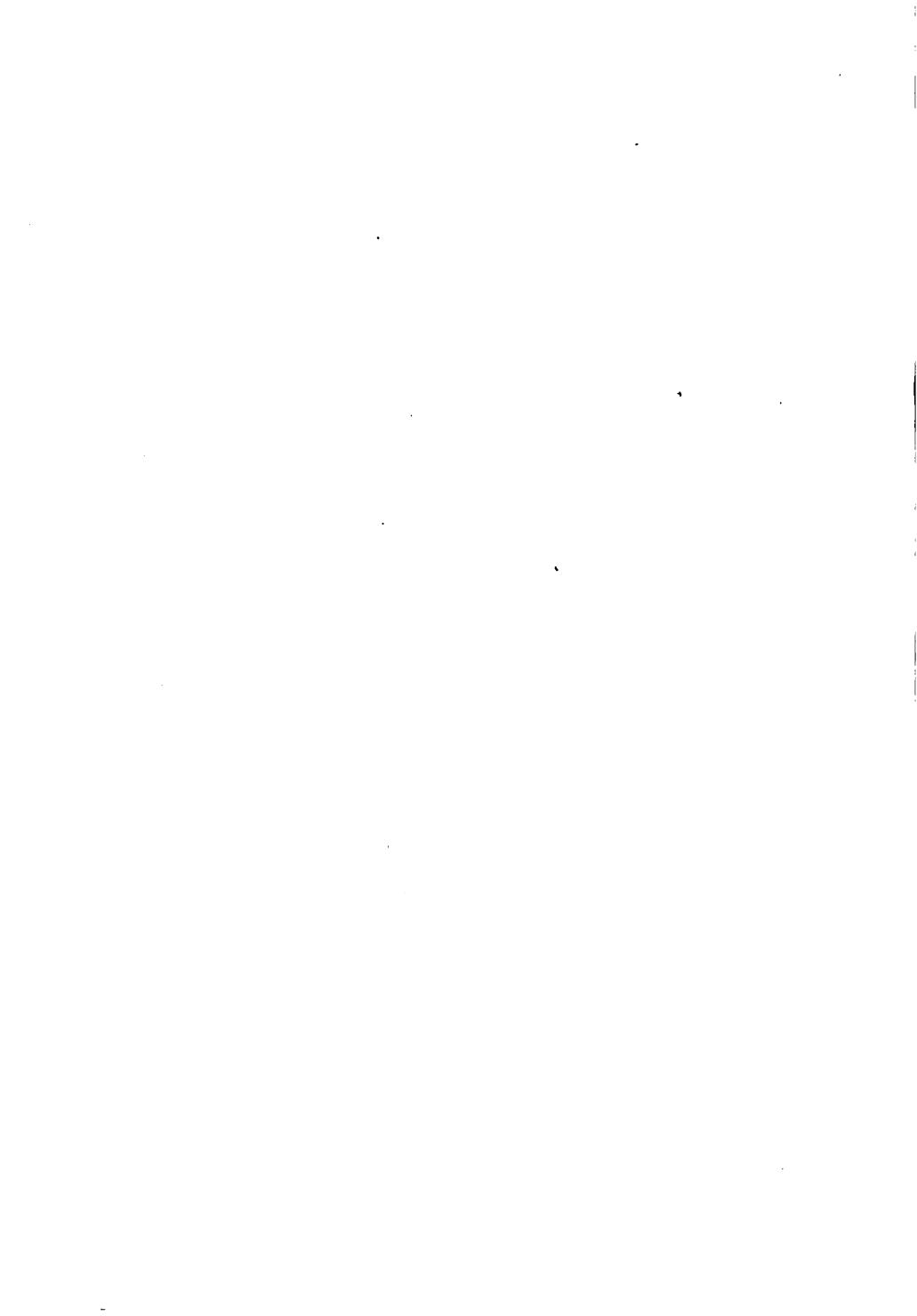
VIII.

The Larger Brotherhood.

God made all the creatures and gave them our love
and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are his children, one family
here.

Saul.

ROBERT BROWNING.



THE LARGER BROTHERHOOD.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

The Song of Hiawatha.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Farewell ! farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest !
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

The Ancient Mariner.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE SERMON OF SAINT FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

APPLES OF GOLD

Saint Francis heard ; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim ;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," Saint Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone, to-day,
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words ;
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"O doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays ;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care."

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing, scattered far apart ;
Deep peace was in Saint Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood ;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LARGER BROTHERHOOD

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need na' start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
An' fellow-mortal !

.
But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

To a Mouse, upon turning her up in her Nest with the Plough.
ROBERT BURNS.

THE SAND-PIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sand-piper and I ;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered drift wood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sand-piper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky ;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses nigh.

APPLES OF GOLD

Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sand-piper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;
He starts not at my fitful song
Or flash of fluttering drapery ;
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye ;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
This little sand-piper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright !
To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
I do not fear for thee, tho', wroth,
The tempest rushes through the sky ;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sand-piper, and I ?

CELIA THAXTER.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Stay near me, do not take thy flight !
A little longer stay in sight !
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy !
Float near me : do not yet depart !
Dead times revive in thee :
Thou bring' st, gay creature as thou art,
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family !

O, pleasant, pleasant, were the days,
The time, when in our childish plays,

THE LARGER BROTHERHOOD

My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly !
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey : with leaps and springs
I followed on from brake to bush ;
But she, God love her ! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

A winged sunbeam flashes through the trees
And whistles thrice, as if the air took voice
And all the embodied springtime cried, "Re-
joice !"
The jocund notes enchant the morning breeze,
Now here, now there, still shifting as they please,—
"O fear not ! all is well since I am here."
The blind, the imprisoned, know that cry of
cheer,
And grief must yield to joy's blithe litanies.

A myriad blossoms cluster round his feet,
And all the air is full of heaven-sent things.
Hark ! once again the jubilant treble rings,
Swift as that hurrying flight, though wild and sweet.
What room is left for meanness or deceit
Or fear, in planets where the oriole sings ?

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,
Little is't to such an end
That I praise thy rareness ;
Other dogs may be thy peers
Haply in these drooping ears
And this glossy fairness.

APPLES OF GOLD

But of *thee* it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied,
Watched within a curtained room
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom
Round the sick and dreary.

• • • •
This dog, if a friendly voice
Call him now to blither choice
Than such chamber-keeping,
“Come out!” praying from the door,—
Presseth backward as before,
Up against me leaping.

• • • •
Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly not scornfully,
Render praise and favor:
With my hand upon his head,
Is my benediction said
Therefore and for ever.

Selected Stanzas from “To Flush, my Dog.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IX.

Hearth and Home.

What matter how the night behaved !
What matter how the north wind raved ?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow !

Snow-bound.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A home whose sunlight warms the heart,
A hearth by happy childhood blest ;
Nor Discontent will dare intrude
Where Love's a constant guest.

The Old Year and the New.

MARY PARK BANCROFT.



HEARTH AND HOME.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly ;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide ;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

Vision of Sir Launfal.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.

The Golden Milestone.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !

APPLES OF GOLD

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

WALTER SCOTT.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.

The Traveller.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear ;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise ;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Uncloquared heaven of her eyes.

My Love. (Selected Stanzas.)

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The world waits
For help. Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,

H E A R T H A N D H O M E

And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.

Aurora Leigh.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

On to God's house the people prest :
Passing the place where each must rest,—
Each entered like a welcome guest.

One walked between his wife and child,
With measured footfall firm and mild,
And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood
Leaned on him, faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure
The little maiden walked demure,
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet,
My frozen heart began to beat,
Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wandered on :
I spoke, but answer came there none :
The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear,
A little whisper silver-clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

The Two Voices.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Lucy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

APPLES OF GOLD

AN OUTDOOR KINDERGARTEN.

O mists that loiter, vague and wild,
Along the enchanted stream,
Come lend your lesson to my child,
And teach her how to dream.

O wood-thrush, murmuring tender lays
From pine-tree depths above,
Make her thy pupil all her days,
And teach her how to love.

Thou oriole, in thy blithesome chant
A fearless counsel give ;
Thy brave and joyous influence grant,
And teach her how to live.

And guard her, Nature, till she bears,
These forest paths along,
A heart more joyous than thine airs,
And fresher than thy song.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in mine ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Children.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HEARTH AND HOME

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.*

The Rock-a-By-Lady from Hushaby street
Comes stealing ; comes creeping ;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet,—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping !

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum,—
“Rub-a-dub,” it goeth :

There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,—
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth !

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing ;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty
gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging !

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and
fleet ?

They’ll come to you sleeping :
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.

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APPLES OF GOLD

Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pygmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learned art —
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral —
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife :
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part —
Filling from time to time his “humorous stage”
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Ode on Intimations of Immortality. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall !
When the wind wakes, how they rock in the grasses
And dance with the cuckoo-buds slender and small !
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses,
Eager to gather them all.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups !
Mother shall thread them a daisy chain ;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge sparrow,
That loved her brown little ones, loved them full
fain :

HEARTH AND HOME

Sing, "Heart, thou art wide, though the house be but
narrow,"—

Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
Sweet wagging cowslips, they bend and they bow ;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons and O sweet little daughters,
Maybe he thinks on you now !

Heigh ho ! daisies and buttercups,
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall !
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall !
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its meas-
ure,
God that is over us all !

Songs of Seven.

JEAN INGELOW.

CHILDHOOD.

Fair as a star, rare as a star,
The joys of the future lie
To the eyes of a child, to the sighs of a child,
Heavenly far and high !

Fair as a dream, rare as a dream,
The hopes of a future sure
To the wondering child, to the blundering child,
Trusting and free and pure !

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul
Who has kept, after youth is past,
All the art of the child, all the heart of the child,
Holding his faith at last !

GELETT BURGESS.

APPLES OF GOLD

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME.*

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars ;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed ;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

New friendships may bind us,
New loves lay their claim,
New homes may enshrine us,
They're never the same !
But the home we first knew on this beautiful earth,
The friends of our childhood, the place of our birth,
In the heart's inner chamber sung always will be,
As the shell ever sings of its home in the sea !

The Song of the Shell.

FRANCES DANA GAGE.

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X.

Duty.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The Youth replies, *I can.*

Voluntaries.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



DUTY.

Stern law-giver, yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face ;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee,
are fresh and strong.

Ode to Duty.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The path of duty is the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting,
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

The path of duty is the way to glory :
He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands,
To which our God himself is moon and sun.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

APPLES OF GOLD

SONNET TO DUTY.

Θεος τις θετ' εν ημίν.

EURIPIDES (*Fragm.*).

Light of dim mornings ; shield from heat and cold ;
Balm for all ailments ; substitute for praise ;
Comrade of those who plod in lonely ways
(Ways that grow lonelier as the years wax old) ;
Tonic for fears ; check to the over-bold ;
Nurse, whose calm hand its strong restriction lays,
Kind but resistless, on our wayward days ;
Mart, where high wisdom at vast price is sold ;
Gardener, whose touch bids the rose-petals fall,
The thorns endure ; surgeon, who human hearts
Searchest with probes, though the death-wound be
given ;
Spell that knits friends, but yearning lovers parts ;
Tyrant relentless o'er our blisses all ; —
Oh, can it be thine other name is Heaven ?

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired !
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it ! All is beauty ;
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared ?

The Guardian Angel. A Picture at Fano.

ROBERT BROWNING.

XI.

Truth and freedom.

'Tis man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die.

Sacrifice.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

O Truth ! O Freedom ! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed !
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendors of the New Day
burst !

To W. L. Garrison.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three

Stanzas on Freedom.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring !

My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song !

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong !

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,—
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light !
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH (1808-1895).

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field !

Commemoration Ode. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone
is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from
all wrong.

The Present Crisis. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the state.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. ALFRED TENNYSON.

HYMN.

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth !

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
With never-fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands ;
Unharmed, upon the eternal rock,
The eternal city stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1670-1735)

CONCORD HYMN.*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone ;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

* Sung at the completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !
Peace, independence, truth, go forth,
Earth's compass round ;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

Hallowed Ground.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

FREEDOM.

Once I wished I might rehearse
Freedom's pean in my verse,
That the slave who caught the strain
Should throb until he snapped his chain.
But the Spirit said, " Not so ;
Speak it not, or speak it low ;
Name not lightly to be said,
Gift too precious to be prayed,
Passion not to be expressed
But by heaving of the breast :
Yet, wouldest thou the mountain find,
Where this deity is shrined,
Who gives to seas and sunset skies
Their unspent beauty of surprise,
And, when it lists him, waken can
Brute or savage into man,
Or, if in thy heart he shine,
Blends the starry fates with thine,
Draws angels nigh to dwell with thee,
And makes thy thoughts archangels be ;
Freedom's secret wilt thou know ? —
Counsel not with flesh and blood ;

T R U T H A N D F R E E D O M

Loiter not for cloak or food ;
Right thou feelest, rush to do.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Revelation is not sealed ;
Answering unto man’s endeavor,
Truth and right are still revealed.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O’er the rabble’s laughter ;
And while Hatred’s fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world’s wide fallow ;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Barclay of Ury.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so ;
That, howsoe’er I stray and range,
Whate’er I do, thou dost not change.
I steadier step if I recall
That, if I slip, thou dost not fall.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

For weakness in freedom grows stronger than strength
with a chain ;
And error in freedom will come to lamenting his
stain,
Till, freely repenting, he whiten his spirit again.
Psalm of the West.

SIDNEY LANIER.

APPLES OF GOLD

I break your bonds and masterships,
And I unchain the slave :
Free be his heart and hand henceforth
As wind and wandering wave.

To-day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound ;
Lift up a people from the dust,
Trump of their rescue, sound !

Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner ? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

Boston Hymn.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Love thyself last. Cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. . . .
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

Henry the Eighth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

HYMN.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill,

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath,

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,

TRUTH AND FREEDOM

And walks with man from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639).

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free strong minds and hearts of health ;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

Our State.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

VERSION OF PSALM LXXVIII.

Give ear, ye children, to my law
Devout attention lend,
Let the instructions of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold :
Dark oracles, but understood,
And owned for truths of old,

Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down.

Let children learn the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which, in our younger years, we saw,
And which our fathers told.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

JEREMY BELKNAP (1744-1798).

APPLES OF GOLD

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient
good uncouth ;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep
abreast of Truth ;
Lo ! before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves
must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-
rusted key.

The Present Crisis.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again :
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

The Battle-field.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Nor can I count him happiest who has never
Been forced with his own hands his chains to sever,
And for himself find out the way divine ;
He never knew the aspirer's glorious pains,
He never earned the struggle's priceless gains.
O, block by block, with sore and sharp endeavor,
Lifelong we build these human natures up
Into a temple fit for freedom's shrine,
And Trial ever consecrates the cup
Wherfrom we pour her sacrificial wine.

Trial.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

Give All to Love.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TRUTH AND FREEDOM

OUR ORDERS.

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights !
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread.

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That poured delight from other lands !
Rouse there the dancers' restless feet :
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour !

Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined !
Stand close while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind.

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

O Beautiful ! my Country ! Ours once more !
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare ;

APPLES OF GOLD

What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare !
What were our lives without thee ?
What all our lives to save thee ?
We reck not what we gave thee ;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare !

Commemoration Ode.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible,
swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circ-
ling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps ;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar-
ing lamps :
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel :
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat ;

TRUTH AND FREEDOM

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat :
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant,
my feet !
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,
 While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

The man who idly sits and thinks
 May sow a nobler crop than corn ;
For thoughts are seeds of future deeds,
 And when God thought the world was born.

GEORGE JOHN ROMANES.

Once slept the world an egg of stone,
And pulse, and sound, and light was none ;
And God said, "Throb !" and there was motion,
And the vast mass became vast ocean.
Woodnotes.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought ;
Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

Then bless thy secret growth ; nor catch
At noise ; but thrive unseen and dumb.
 HENRY VAUGHAN.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness ; . . .
. . . and to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

Paracelsus.

ROBERT BROWNING.

XII.

The Faith that Strengthens.

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way.

Commemoration Ode.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE FAITH THAT STRENGTHENS.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimson sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperons day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

And, O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,

A P P L E S O F G O L D

When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear :
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared :
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band :
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE FAITH THAT STRENGTHENS

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for
this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a
nation :
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
people.

The Courtship of Miles Standish. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MAN'S ALLY.

Who lifts a sail invites the sun
To take his little craft in hand,
And when his voyage is o'er may know
The universe brought him to land.
Who sets his foot in law's firm track,
The whole great world is at his back.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE

HYMN.

Mighty God, the first, the last,
What are ages in thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night ?

All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

All that being e'er shall know,
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before thee now appears.

In thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

APPLES OF GOLD

Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest,—
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

WILLIAM GASKELL (1805-1894).

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable
Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with
hands!
What; have fear of change from thee who art ever the
same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy
power expands?
There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall
live as before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more ;
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a per-
fect round.

Abt Vogler.

ROBERT BROWNING.

How good is man's life, the mere living ! how fit to
employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
Saul.

ROBERT BROWNING.

OUR FATHER'S HOME.

I say to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above ;

THE FAITH THAT STRENGTHENS

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain ;—

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led,—

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's home at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word more : They only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that love,
Blessing not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, or with curses rife,—
That this is blessing, this is life.

RICHARD CHENNEVIX TRENCH.

HYMN.

God is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens :
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move ;

APPLES OF GOLD

But his mercy waneth never :
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist his brightness streameth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere his glory shineth :
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING (1792-1872).

Rejoice, we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod ;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go !
Be our joys three-parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the
throes !

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

ROBERT BROWNING.

There are deep things of God. Push out from shore !
Hast thou found much ? Give thanks and look for
more.

Dost fear the generous Giver to offend ?
Then know his store of bounty hath no end.
He doth not need to be implored or teased ;
The more we take the better he is pleased.

More than We Ask.

CHARLES GORDON AMES.

THE FAITH THAT STRENGTHENS

The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all heavens beyond the sun ;
Through life and death, through fate and time,
Grand breaths of God, they sweep sublime.

Eternal trades, they cannot veer,
And blowing teach us how to steer ;
And well for him whose joy, whose care,
Is but to keep before them fair.

Oh, thou God's mariner, heart of mine,
Spread canvas to the airs divine !
Spread soul, and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

Seen and Unseen.

DAVID ATWOOD WASSON.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !
Sail on, O Union strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock ;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee !
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee !

The Building of the Ship.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Is this the end ? I know it cannot be.
Our ships shall sail upon another sea ;
New islands yet shall break upon our sight,
New continents of love and truth and might.

But still not knowing, still with orders sealed,
Our track shall lie across the heavenly field ;
Yet there, as here, though dim the distant way,
Our strength shall be according to our day.

The sea is his. He made it, and his grace
Lurks in its wildest wave, its deepest place.
Our truest knowledge is that he is wise ;
What is our foresight to his sweet surprise !

Sealed Orders.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still :
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There alway, alway something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings.

The Poet.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE FAITH THAT STRENGTHENS

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea,
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven ;
Yet certain am I of the spot,
As if the chart were given.

Poems,

EMILY DICKINSON.

O the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang
west,

Tell slowly.

And I said in underbreath,— all our life is mixed with
death,
And who knoweth which is best ?

O the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang
west,

Tell slowly.

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around
our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, his rest.

Rhyme of the Duchess May.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Let the thick curtain fall ;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted ;
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Sweeter than any sung,
My songs that found no tongue ;
Nobler than any fact,
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they ?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made !

My Triumph.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
“Be patient, heart ! Light breaketh by and by,”
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever says, “To-morrow,”— the unknown,
The future,— trusts that Power alone
His thought cannot disown.

There is no unbelief.
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives still by faith, though lips deny :
God knoweth why.

LIZZIE YORK CASE.

THE FAITH THAT STRENGTHENS

In that hour
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke like the rainbow from the shower,

To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud, that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love.

The Two Voices.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CONFIDENCE.

O God, the scholar and the sage
Into thy mysteries peer,
And strive by Reason's subtle art
To make their meaning clear.

But my bewildered soul rejects
The puzzling paths they lay,
And seeks to gain the eternal Heart
By some directer way.

Lord, draw me as the sun in spring
Draws the awakening vine,
And up some lattice of thy love
Bid my affections twine !

So when my grasp on Reason fails,
Faith led, I still may go,
And all the mystery shall melt
As melts the April snow.

EDWARD A. CHURCH.

He lives, he wakes — 'tis Death is dead, not he ;
Mourn not for Adonais.— Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone.

Adonais.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

APPLES OF GOLD

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
“Thou art become as one of us,” they cry ;
“It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid a heaven of song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our
throng !”

Adonais (on the death of Keats.)

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

O, not in circling depth nor height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth his spirit rest.
O, come, thou Presence infinite
And make thy creature blest.

A Thought on the Seashore.

JOSIAH CONDER.

XIII.

The Hope that Saves.

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

To Cyriac Skinner.

JOHN MILTON.

The sun set, but set not his hope :
Stars rose ; his faith was earlier up.

Character.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



THE HOPE THAT SAVES.

Prophetic Hope, thy fine discourse
Foretold not half life's good to me.
Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
To show how sweet it is to be !
Thy witching dream, and pictured scheme
To match the fact still want the power ;
Thy promise brave from birth to grave
Life's boon may beggar in an hour !

All's Well.

DAVID ATWOOD WASSON.

It's wiser being good than bad ;
It's safer being meek than fierce ;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched ;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blest once prove accurst.

Apparent Failure.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

ANNE LETTITIA BARBAULD.

APPLES OF GOLD

I go to prove my soul !
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive ! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not : but unless God send his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive :
He guides me and the bird. In his good time !

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time ; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast ; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day.

Paracelsus.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Ah ! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons, —
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

Longing.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

XIV.

The Love that Endures.

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear,— believe the aged friend,—
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love,
How love might be, hath been, indeed, and is !

A Death in the Desert.

ROBERT BROWNING.



THE LOVE THAT ENDURES.

Through love to light ! O wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day !
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light ! Through light, O God, to
thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light !

The New Day. RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

The letter fails and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes ;
The spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

Our Master. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain ;
And he that followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest.

Building of the Ship. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres !

Wine of Cyprus. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Love, like a bird, hath perched upon a spray
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets to fly away ;
But, hush ! remind not Eros of his wings.

Epigram. WILLIAM WATSON.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

O it has ruffled every spirit there,
Saving Love's self, who stands superb to share
The general gladness : awfully he stands ;
A sovereign quell is in his waving hands ;
No sight can bear the lightning of his bow ;
His quiver is mysterious, none can know
What themselves think of it ; from forth his eyes
There darts strange light of varied hues and dyes :

Endymion.

JOHN KEATS.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She is late";
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear";
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

Maud.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his
glowing hands ;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might ;
Smote the chord of Self that, trembling, passed in
music out of sight.

Locksley Hall.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LOVE THAT ENDURES

But God said,
"I will have a purer gift ;
There is smoke in the flame ;
New flowerets bring, new prayers uplift,
And love without a name.
Fond children, ye desire
To please each other well ;
Another round, a higher,
Ye shall climb on the heavenly stair,
And selfish preference forbear."

The Celestial Love.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

That love for one, from which there doth not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.

Sonnets to A. C. L.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it, and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.

The Vision of Sir Launfal.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I had no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life was not so ample I
Could finish enmity.

Nor had I time to love ; but, since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I thought,
Was large enough for me.

Poems.

EMILY DICKINSON.

APPLES OF GOLD

FRIENDSHIP.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red ;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair ;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

MEMORY.

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May —
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road ;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE LOVE THAT ENDURES

MEMORABILIA.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather!
Well, I forgot the rest.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Forbearance.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Then how grace a rose? I know a way!
Leave it, rather.
Must you gather?
Smell, kiss, wear it — at last, throw away!

A Pretty Woman.

ROBERT BROWNING.

APPLES OF GOLD

In my own heart love had not been made wise
To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success ; to sympathize, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts ;
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak,
Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
And do their best to climb and get to him.

Paracelsus.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed :
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute of God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

The Merchant of Venice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
Decidedly can try us ;
He knows each chord,— its various tone ;
Each spring,— its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;

THE LOVE THAT ENDURES

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

Address to the Unco Guid.

ROBERT BURNS.

Let those who never erred forget
His worth, in vain bewailings ;
Sweet soul of song ! — I own my debt
Uncancelled by his failings !

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer ?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer ?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong
The human feeling gushes !
The very moonlight of his song
Is warm with smiles and blushes !

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry ;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary !

Burns.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Judge not ; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see ;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field
Where thou wouldest only faint and yield.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go !
The outward, wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.

Snow-bound.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

APPLES OF GOLD

Life is too short to waste
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand :
'Twill soon be dark :
Up ! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark.

To J. W.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

You groped your way across my room i' the drear
dark dead of night ;
At each fresh step a stumble was : but, once your
lamp alight,
Easy and plain you walked again : so soon all wrong
grew right !

What lay on floor to trip your foot ? Each object, late
awry,
Looked fitly placed, nor proved offence to footing
free — for why ?
The lamp showed all, discordant late, grown simple
symmetry.

Be love your light and trust your guide, with these
explore my heart !
No obstacle to trip you then, strike hands and souls
apart !
Since rooms and hearts are furnished so,— light shows
you,— needs love start !

Ferishtah's Fancies.

ROBERT BROWNING.

XV.

Trust and Prayer.

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last,—far off,—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring

In Memoriam.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A thread of law runs through thy prayer
Stronger than iron cables are,
And love and longing toward her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

Seen and Unseen.

DAVID ATWOOD WASSON.



TRUST AND PRAYER.

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show ?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned,—
Saying, *What is excellent,*
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain :
Heart's love will meet thee again.

Threnody

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

So oft the doing of God's will
Our foolish wills undoeth !
And yet what idle dream breaks ill,
Which morning light subdueth ?
And who would murmur and misdoubt
When God's great sunrise finds him out ?

An Island.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

GOD AND A DAY.

Consider but this single day's demands,
Its dower of work, its wage of smiles and tears !
So rich with opportunity it stands :
One day with God is as a thousand years.

But when the clock of time shall cease to beat,
And Heaven's high call our answering hearts obey,
There waits a service and a rest so sweet,
A thousand years shall pass as one bright day.

EDWARD A. CHURCH.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

HYMN.

Day by day the manna fell :
O, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand :
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

• • • • • JOSIAH CONDER (1789-1855).

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air :
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

The Eternal Goodness.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

TRUST AND PRAYER

HYMN.

Thou Grace divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O love of God most strong !

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee.

ELIZA SCUDDEER.

The eye, it cannot choose but see ;
We cannot bid the ear be still ;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking ?

Expostulation and Reply.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

WAITING.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea ;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo ! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace ?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me ;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone ?
I wait with joy the coming years ;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height ;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky ;
The tidal wave unto the sea ;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE THINGS I MISS.

An easy thing, O Power divine,
To thank thee for these gifts of thine !
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow.
But when shall I attain to this,—
To thank thee for the things I miss ?

TRUST AND PRAYER

For all young Fancy's early gleams,
The dreamed-of joys that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known
Through others' fortunes, not my own,
And blessings seen that are not given,
And never will be this side heaven.

Had I, too, shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a heaven for me ?
Could I have felt thy presence near,
Had I possessed what I held dear ?
My deepest fortune, highest bliss,
Have grown perchance from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm ;
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm ;
A Power that works above my will
Still leads me onward, upward still.
And then my heart attains to this,—
To thank thee for the things I miss.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

OPPOSITION.*

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain no more ; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

The lute's fixt fret that runs athwart
The strain and purpose of the string,
For governance and nice consort
Doth bar his wilful wavering.

The dark hath many dear avails ;
The dark distils divinest dews ;
The dark is rich with nightingales,
With dreams, and with the heavenly muse.

* Poems of Sidney Lanier, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Copyright 1884 and 1891 by Mary D. Lanier.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Bleeding with thorns of petty strife,
I'll ease (as lovers do) my smart
With sonnets to my lady Life
Writ red in issues from the heart.

What grace may lie within the chill
Of favor frozen fast in scorn !
When Good's a-freeze, we call it Ill !
This rosy Time is glacier-born.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain thou not, O heart ; for these
Bank-in the current of the will
To uses, arts, and charities.

SIDNEY LANIER.

HYMN.

Slowly, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness. O, how still
Is the working of thy will !

Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently,
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights ;

• • • •
Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought,
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires ;

Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS (1802-1896).

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TRUST AND PRAYER

A GOOD-NIGHT SONG.

My life is like a little boat
Upon a mighty river;
It rocks and sways and keeps afloat,
Though swift the current ever.

Asking not to know the way,
Wishing not to turn or stay,
Floating ever night and day
Onward to the ocean.

Sometimes the skies are soft and fair,
And bright the summer weather,
When loving voices fill the air,
And boats glide on together.

Sometimes the skies are dark as night,
And not a star shines o'er me;
It's often hard to steer aright,
When rocks are just before me.

And yet I know the Love, that guides
The boats upon the river,
Will keep me safe, whate'er betides,
Forever and forever.

Asking not to know the way,
Wishing not to turn or stay,
Floating ever night and day
Onward to the ocean.

EMMA ENDICOTT MARSH.

THE STARS.

I lay at my ease in my little boat
Fast moored by the shore of the pond,
And looked up through the trees that swayed in the
breeze
At God's own sky beyond.

APPLES OF GOLD

And I thought of the want and the sin in the world,
And the pain and the grief they bring,
And I marvelled at God for spreading abroad
Such sorrow and suffering.

Evening came creeping over the earth,
And the sky grew dim and gray
And faded from sight ; and I grumbled at night
For stealing my sky away.

Then out of the dark just the speck of a face
Peeped forth from its window bars ;
And I laughed to see it smile at me ;
I had not thought of the stars !

There are millions of loving thoughts and deeds
All ripe for awakening,
That never would start from the world's cold heart
But for sorrow and suffering.

Yes, the blackening night is sombre and cold,
And the day was warm and fine ;
And yet if the day never faded away
The stars would never shine.

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

HYMN.

My heart is resting, O my God !
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,

TRUST AND PRAYER

The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.

Mine be the reverent listening love
That waits all day on thee,
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see.

The faith that in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

• • • • • ANNA LETITIA WARING.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so ;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

En Voyage.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

VERSION OF PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know :
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I
stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear :
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

In the midst of affliction, my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head :
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

APPLES OF GOLD

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above.
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of
love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE.

He shall give his angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways.
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror come so close,
It shall have no power to smite ;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hands is sweet,—
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong, I know
They will never let me drown.
Ah ! my God, how good thy will !
I will nestle and be still.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told !

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;

T R U S T A N D P R A Y E R

That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back ; —

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight ; —

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair ; —

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

My Psalm.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

VESPER HYMN.

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls,
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

O God, our light ! to thee we bow ;
Within all shadows standest thou.
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (1819-1892).

HYMN.

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So, in this stillness, thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee :
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1812-1896).

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

TRUST AND PRAYER

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

Charles Sumner.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

In his face
Is light, but in his shadow healing too.

The Ring and the Book.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,
Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenthralment which is God.

The Cathedral.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Idylls of the King.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ask and receive ! 'Tis sweetly said,
Yet what to pray for, know I not ;
For wish is worsted, hope o'er-sped,
And aye to thanks returns my thought.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

If I would pray, I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still,
For him to live is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish, his will.

All's Well.

DAVID ATWOOD WASSON.

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care ?

That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with thee !

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

HYMN.

Thou Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here, before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on thy holy shrine ;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours,
The soldiers of the cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move ;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight ;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM (1822-1895).

TRUST AND PRAYER

HYMN

FOR THE ORDINATION OF CHANDLER ROBBINS, SECOND CHURCH, BOSTON.

We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God ; —
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of humble virtue made
The perfume of the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the eternal Light to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found
That filled their homes again ;

For faith and peace and mighty love
That from the Godhead flow
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God ; their homes are dust ;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.

On him who by the altar stands,
On him thy blessing fall,
Speak through his lips thy pure commands,
Thou heart that lovest all.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882).

A P P L E S O F G O L D

HYMN.

Send down thy truth, O God !
Too long the shadows frown ;
Too long the darkened way we've trod :
Thy truth, O Lord, send down !

Send down thy spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be ;
Thy spirit, O, send down !

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife,
Thy living love send down !

Send down thy peace, O Lord !
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord,
Thy peace, O God, send down.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841-1887).

RABIA.

Rabia, sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,—

Holy Malik, Hassan wise,—
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan said, “ Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure.”

Malik from a deeper sense
Uttered his experience :

“ He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisement *rejoice.*”

Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still,

TRUST AND PRAYER

And replied, "O men of grace,
He who sees his Master's face

Will not in his prayers recall
That he is chastised at all."

Translated from the German of Tholuck. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

HYMN.

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see,
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The lowering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762-1827).

APPLES OF GOLD

HYMN.

Mysterious Presence, source of all,—
The world without, the soul within,—
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower ;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word ;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

SETH CURTIS BEACHE.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below ; —

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,

TRUST AND PRAYER

Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

Sandalphon.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

O thou who bearest on thy thoughtful face
The wearied calm that follows after grief,
See how the autumn guides each loosened leaf
To sure repose in its own sheltered place.
Ah, not forever whirl they in the race
Of wild forlornness round the gathered sheaf,
Or hurrying onward in a rapture brief
Spin o'er the moorlands into trackless space.
Some hollow captures each ; some sheltering wall
Arrests the wanderer on its aimless way ;
The autumn's pensive beauty needs them all,
And winter finds them warm, though sere and gray.
They nurse young blossoms for the spring's sweet call,
And shield new leaflets for the burst of May.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Fewer programmes, we who have no prescience ;
Fewer systems, we who are held and do not hold.

Aurora Leigh.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

In Memoriam.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

This Quiet all it hath a mind to doth.

Caliban upon Setebos.

ROBERT BROWNING.

APPLES OF GOLD

We'll be calm
And know that, when indeed our Joves come down,
We all turn stiller than we have ever been.

Aurora Leigh.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O fret not after knowledge ! — I have none,
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge ! — I have none,
And yet the Evening listens.

From a Sonnet.

JOHN KEATS.

The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in ;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.

• • • • •
Through wish, resolve, and act, our will
Is moved by undreamed forces still ;
And no man measures in advance
His strength with untried circumstance.

Overruled.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

XVI.

Patience.

Teach me your mood, O patient stars !
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die.

The Poet.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Time, that aged nurse,
Rocked me to patience.

Endymion.

JOHN KEATS.

PATIENCE.

We cannot kindle when we will
 The fire that in the heart resides
The spirit bloweth and is still,
 In mystery our soul abides :
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

Morality.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
 Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
 Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

To W. L. Garrison.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts ;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe.

Columbus.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

How life in truth was sharply set with ills ;
A kernel cased in quarrels ; yea, a sphere
Of stings, and hedge-hog round of mortal quills ;
How most men itched to eat too soon i' the year,

APPLES OF GOLD

And took but wounds and worries for their pains,
Whereas the wise withheld their patient hands,
Nor plucked green pleasures till the sun and rains
 And seasonable ripenings burst all bands
 And opened wide the liberal burrs of life.

Under the Cedarcroft Chestnut.

SIDNEY LANIER.

O power to do ; O baffled will !
O prayer and action ! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
 And good but wished with God is done !

The Waiting.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

(On his Blindness.)

JOHN MILTON.

COMPENSATION.

How many an acorn falls to die
 For one that makes a tree !
How many a heart must pass me by
 For one that cleaves to me !

How many a suppliant wave of sound
 Must still unheeded roll,
For one low utterance that found
 An echo in my soul !

JOHN BANISTER TABB.

XVII.

Self-Control.

Prune thou thy words ; the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within the soul,
And change to purpose strong.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

SELF-CONTROL.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart.
Hamlet.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
“Who reverenced his conscience as his king ;
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong ;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it ;
Who loved one only and who clave to her —,”

. We see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly ;
Not swaying to this faction or to that ;
Not making his high place a lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure ; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.

Idylls of the King.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

MY KINGDOM.

A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well ;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good ?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way ?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day ?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear ;
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
That thou art very near,
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself
And dare to take command.

Louisa May Alcott.

XVIII.

Courage and Joy.

I count life just a stuff
To try the soul's strength on, educe the man.
Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.
In a Balcony. ROBERT BROWNING.

So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy heart for her,
And give her time to grow and cherish her ;
Then will she come and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows ; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad —
Joy is the grace we say to God.

JEAN INGELOW.

COURAGE AND JOY.

No endeavor is in vain ;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.

The Wind over the Chimney. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FOR FORTY YEARS.

At the Alpha Delta Phi Convention, May 8, 1879.

For forty years
Of mingled hopes and fears,—
Of tales of battle, told with bated breath,
Of peace, returning with her olive wreath,
Of love, of joy, of sorrow, and of death !

For suns will sink, and twilights melt away,
Cool evenings hurry on, nor midnight stay,
But at the summons of the morn e'en night grows gray,
Stars fade from sight, and lo, the light, the day !

Such change from day to night,
From dark to light,
Fills up the record of my forty years.

For forty years
You boys look forward on another page.
The hall is dressed; the candles are not lit;
The page is white,— the annals are not writ;
The stage is set, the curtain pulled away,
The actors dressed and ready for the play,
And I for chorus stand;

Is it for me
To say if it be farce or tragedy ?

A P P L E S O F G O L D

What shall the dancers dance, or what the rage
That heaves the history of the stormy age,
For forty years ?

Not mine! For forty years
The stage is all your own; the page is yours,
 Of storm or peace,
 Of work or ease,
Of winter tempests or of summer showers;
 Not mine to tell
What hand shall work for woe, or what work well!

Only this oracle for gathering strife,
Only this lesson from a happy life;

Who lives and works for Love
The miracle shall prove ;
The eternal Power is his, whate'er he do;
Weakness is strength for him, and old things are made
 new,
As he mounts higher on these rounds of time,
His grasp more sure, his foot more quick to climb.

Faster the race is run,
 As one by one
Our selfish handicaps away we fling.
Love works the miracle of youth,—
Love speaks the oracle of truth;
And they who prove
 The strength of love
Grow younger and more young
 For forty years.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime ;
And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

A Psalm of Life.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

C O U R A G E A N D J O Y

HEROISM.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend,—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.

Columbus.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CHOICE.

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high.

Edwin Arnold.

Nor low nor high! My heart learned once that prayer,
That humble prayer, that asks the steady glow
Of moderation only; seeks to know
The strength of slow successes; fears to share
Ambitions sweet, tempting to heights more fair.
A simple life, attuned nor high nor low,
May gain a heaven, escape from bitter woe,
Nor need to greatly suffer, greatly dare.

Take back thy gift of peace! I claim the smart
And ache of passion for a vision high!
Make me thy instrument, and justify
This longing once thy message to impart!
Awake one song to stir a hero's heart,
Then let the tense strings break, the music die!

EMMA ENDICOTT MARSH.

The timid it concerns to ask their way,
And fear what foe in caves and swamps can stay,
To make no step until the event is known,
And ills to come as evils past bemoan.

Woodnotes.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

HYMN.

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on !
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A crowd of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye,—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

• • • • • PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1702-1751).

Ah, well!—The world is discreet ;
There are plenty to pause and wait ;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate,—

Plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it,
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it.

To G. L. S.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast
forward ;
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep
to wake.

COURAGE AND JOY

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time,
 Greet the unseen with a cheer !
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive!" cry, "Speed,—fight on, fare
ever there as here."

Epilogue to Asolando.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HYMN.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
 Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
 What men agree to praise.

Workman of God, O, lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like,
And, in the darkest battlefield,
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell
That God is in the field when he
 Is most invisible.

Blest, too, is he who can divine
 Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God,
 And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
 To falter would be sin.

Selected Stanzas.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-1863).

O, man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the great, the good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men !

APPLES OF GOLD

The wingèd years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out : they but fan to flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

His was the impartial vision of the great
Who see not as they wish, but as they find.

He chose, as men choose, where most danger showed,
Nor ever faltered 'neath the load
Of petty cares, that gall great hearts the most,
But kept right on the strenuous up-hill road,
Strong to the end, above complaint or boast !

Under the Old Elm.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Men who might
Do greatly in a universe that breaks
And burns, must ever *know* before they do.

I tell you rather that, whoever may
Discern true ends here, shall grow pure enough
To love them, brave enough to strive for them,
And strong to reach them though the roads be
rough.

Casa Guidi Windows.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

How beautiful is youth, how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !
Book of beginnings, story without end,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend !
Aladdin's lamp, and Fortunatus' purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe !
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it and no foe withstands !
In its sublime audacity of faith,
“Be thou removed !” it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud !

Morituri Salutamus.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

C O U R A G E A N D J O Y

Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made :
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be
afraid !"

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Be sure they sleep not whom God needs! Nor fear
Their holding light his charge when every hour
That finds that charge delayed is a new death.

Paracelsus.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Go boldly, go serenely, go augustly —
What shall withstand thee then ?

The Return of the Druses.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HYMN.

God is my strong salvation :
 What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand :
What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance,
 My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate.
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
 The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

APPLES OF GOLD

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's ban-
ner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, “Had I a sword of keener steel —
The blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing — !” he snapt and flung it from his
hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it ; and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

When sudden . . . how think ye, the end ?
Did I say “without friend” ?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an Arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast
Where the wretch was safe prest !
Do you see ? Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed !
— So *I* was afraid !

Instans Tyrannus.

ROBERT BROWNING.

COURAGE AND JOY

What, my soul ! see thus far and no farther ! when
doors great and small,
Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the
hundredth appall ?
In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the
greatest of all ?

Saul.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ALL SOULS.

What was his name ? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came ;
Brought all he loved across the sea
To live and work for God — and me ;
Felled the ungracious oak,
With horrid toil
Dragged from the soil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock ;
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side,
And, when his work was done, without memorial died.
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame ;
He lived, he died. I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones ;
Only a cheerful city stands,
Builded by his hardened hands,
Only ten thousand homes
Where every day
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes ;
These are his monuments, and these alone,
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I ?

Is there some desert or some boundless sea
Where thou, great God of angels, wilt send me ?
Some oak for me to rend, some sod,

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Some rock for me to break,
Some handful of thy corn to take
And scatter far afield,
Till it in turn shall yield
Its hundred-fold
Of grains of gold

To feed the happy children of my God !
Show me the desert, Father, or the sea.
Is it thine enterprise ? Great God, send me !
And though this body lie where ocean rolls,
Father, count me among all faithful souls.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A great hand, careful lest it crush,
Startled him on the shoulder : up he stared,
And over him, who stood but Herakles ?
There smiled the mighty presence, all one smile
And no touch more of the world-weary God,
Through the brief respite.

Balaustion's Adventure.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Keep but heart and healthful courage,
Keep the ship against the sea,
Thou shalt pass the dangerous quicksands
That insnare futurity.

In My Valley.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY !

Joy, Shipmate, joy !
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave ;
The ship is clear at last, she leaps !
She swiftly courses from the shore.
Joy, Shipmate, joy !

WALT WHITMAN.

COURAGE AND JOY

CAST OFF THE LINES.

“Cast off the lines !” Our friend goes forth
To voyage upon an unknown sea ;
His smiling face turns back to us,
And still his cheerful voice rings free.

“Cast off the lines !” No fear, no doubt,
For God is pilot on that sea ;
O thou, who rulest time and tide,
We trust his future course to thee.

“Cast off the lines !” Good-bye, good-bye !
With wistful looks we search the sea ;
Lo ! love and mem’ry call him back —
In loyal hearts his home shall be.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS HORTON.

A THANASIA.

The ship may sink
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea ;
But all that I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I
Though falls the sky,
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn ?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath !
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.
Not of the clod
Is the life of God ;
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.

CHARLES GORDON AMES.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

THE STIRRUP-CUP.*

Death, thou'rt a cordial old and rare :
Look how compounded, with what care !
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillation went,
Keats and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám and Chaucer bright,
And Shakespeare for a king-delight.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt ;
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt :
'Tis thy rich stirrup cup to me ;
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

SIDNEY LANIER.

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime :
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

Terminus.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

* Poems of Sidney Lanier. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.
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XIX.

Humility.

Such ever was love's way ; to rise, it stoops.
A Death in the Desert. ROBERT BROWNING.

HUMILITY.

“There is none like to me,” says the cub,
In the pride of his earliest kill ;
But the jungle is large, and the cub, he is small,
Let him think and be still.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

FABLE.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel ;
And the former called the latter “ Little Prig.”
Bun replied,
“ You are doubtless very big ;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I’m not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I’ll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track ;
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Stranger ! Henceforth be warned, and know that pride,
Howe’er disguised in its own majesty,

APPLES OF GOLD

Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he has never used ; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. O be wiser thou,
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love ;
True dignity abides with him alone
Who in the silent hour of inward thought
Can still suspect and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart.

Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HYMN.

Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name,

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed.
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean ;
Oh, speak the word, thy servants shall be healed !

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE (1810-1886).

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price ;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice :

H U M I L I T Y

But all the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account ;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
amount :

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
shaped.

Rabbi Ben Ezra.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote :
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead ;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity !

Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;

APPLES OF GOLD

These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Commemoration Ode

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Why crown whom Zeus has crowned in soul before ?
Balaustion's Adventure.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Have I knowledge ? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid bare.
Have I forethought ? how purblind, how blank, to the infinite Care !
Do I task any faculty highest, to image success ?
I but open my eyes,— and perfection, no more and no less,

In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God,
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending up-raises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet.

Saul. ROBERT BROWNING.

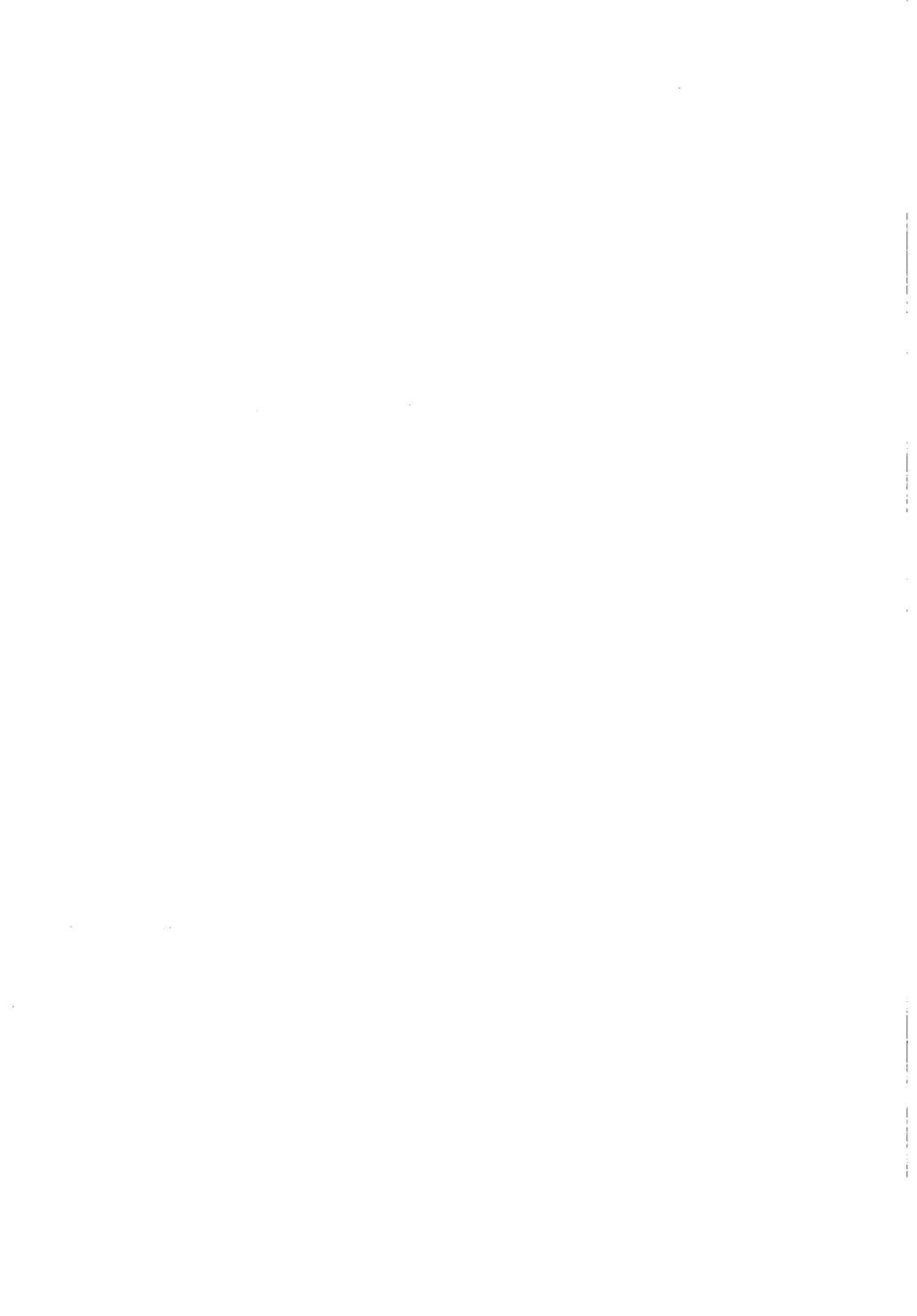
XX.

fulfilment.

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

In Memoriam.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



FULFILMENT.

HYMN.

O prophet soul of all the years,
Bend o'er us from above;
Your far-off vision, toils, and tears
Now to fulfilment move !

From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name,
This, this our day of Pentecost,
The Spirit's tongue of flame !

The ancient barriers disappear :
Down bow the mountains high;
The sea-divided shores draw near
In a world's unity.

One life together we confess,
One all-indwelling word,
One holy call to righteousness
Within the silence heard.

One law that guides the shining spheres
As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinai's of the soul :

One love, unfathomed, measureless,
An ever-flowing sea,
That holds, within its vast embrace,
Time and eternity.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.

APPLES OF GOLD

We who have rolled the sphere beneath our feet
To find a virgin forest, as we lay
The beams of our rude temple, first of all
Must frame its doorway high enough for man
To pass unstooping ; knowing as we do
That he who shaped us last of living forms
Has long enough been served by creeping things.

This is the new world's gospel : Be ye men.

Wind-clouds and Star-drifts. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HYMN.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones ;
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime,
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
Redeem the evil time !

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (1819-1892).

F U L F I L M E N T

I dream'd
That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque, nor Church,
But loftier, simpler, always open-door'd
To every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace
And Love and Justice came and dwelt therein.

Akbar's Dream.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

O glad, exulting, culminating song !
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory — man disenthralled — the con-
queror at last,
Hymns to the universal God from universal man — all
joy !

The Mystic Trumpeter.

WALT WHITMAN.

Hail to the coming singers !
Hail to the brave light-bringers !
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be,—
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold !

The love of God and neighbor ;
An equal-handed labor ;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unreared steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples !
Sound, trumpets far-off blown,
Your triumph is my own !

A P P L E S O F G O L D

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

My Triumph.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HYMN.

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty,—

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined ;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty !

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1823-1883).

F U L F I L M E N T

A JAR OF ROSE-LEAVES.

Myriad roses fade unheeded,
Yet no note of grief is needed ;
When the ruder breezes tear them,
Sung or songless, we can spare them.
But the choicest petals are
Shrined in some deep Orient jar,
Rich without and sweet within,
Where we cast the rose-leaves in.

Life has jars of costlier price
Framed to hold our memories.
There we treasure baby smiles,
Boyish exploits, girlish wiles,
All that made our early days
Sweeter than these trodden ways
Where the Fates our fortunes spin.
Memory, toss the rose-leaves in !

What the jar holds, that shall stay ;
Time steals all the rest away.
Cast in love's first stolen word,
Bliss when uttered, bliss when heard ;
Maiden's looks of shy surprise ;
Glances from a hero's eyes ;
Palms we risked our souls to win :
Memory, fling the rose-leaves in !

Now more sombre and more slow
Let the incantation grow !
Cast in shreds of rapture brief,
Subtle links 'twixt hope and grief ;
Vagrant fancy's dangerous toys ;
Covert dreams, narcotic joys
Flavored with the taste of sin :
Memory, pour the rose-leaves in !

Quit that borderland of pain !
Cast in thoughts of nobler vein,

APPLES OF GOLD

Magic gifts of human breath,
Mysteries of birth and death.
What if all this web of change
But prepare for scenes more strange ;
If to die be to begin ?
Memory, heap the rose-leaves in !

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

PROTECTING SHADOWS.

I sit beneath the elm's protecting shadow,
Whose graceful form
Shelters from sunshine warm ;
While far around me, in the heated meadow,
The busy insects swarm.
Better than any roof these softly swaying leaves,
Opening and closing to the passing air,
Which from afar the fragrant breath receives
Of forest odors rare.
And as the branches sway,
Revealing depths on depths of heavenly blue,
The tempered rays of sunshine, glancing through
In flickering spots of light, around me play ;
While little birds dart through the mazy web,
With happy chirp and song,
Fearing no wrong,
To their half-hidden nests above my head.
Thus, without motion, without speech or sound,
I rest,—a part of all this life around.

Beneath the shadow of the great Protection
The soul sits, hushed and calm.
Bathed in the peace of that divine affection,
No fever-heats of life or dull dejection
Can work the spirit harm.
Diviner heavens above
Look down on it in love.

F U L F I L M E N T

And, as the varying winds move where they will,
In whispers soft, through trackless fields of air,
So comes the Spirit's breath, serene and still,
Its tender messages of love to bear
From men of every race and speech and zone,

Making the whole world one,
Till every sword shall to a sickle bend,
And the long, weary strife of earth shall end.

Be happy, then, my heart,
That thou in all hast part,—
In all these outward gifts of time and sense,
In all the spirit's nobler influence,
In sun and snow and storm,
In the vast life which flows through sea and sky,
Through every changing form
Whose beauty soon must die ;
In the things seen, which ever pass away ;
In things unseen, which shall forever stay ;

In the eternal Love
That lifts the soul above
All earthly passion, grief, remorse, and care
Which lower life must bear.
Be happy now and ever,
Since from the Love divine no power the soul shall
sever.

For not our feeble nor our stormy past,
Nor shadows from the future backward cast ;
Not all the gulfs of evil far below,
Nor mountain peaks of good which soar on high
Into the unstained sky,
Nor any power the universe can know ;
Not the vast laws to whose control is given
The blades of grass just springing from the sod,
And stars within the unsounded depths of heaven,—
Can touch the spirit hid with Christ in God.
For naught that he has made, below, above,
Can part us from his love.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

A P P L E S O F G O L D

THIS DAY.

The Lord of hosts stretched forth his arm,
And led his hosts from sea to sea ;
In war, in peace, in storm, or calm,
The land was theirs ; if they were free,
His free-born children they must be.

All nations called to him for bread,
From island and from continent.
“Give it to-day, O God !” they said ;
From every land this cry was sent ;
And, lo ! from east to west his people went,
The stewards of his love to be.

“Give us our homes,” his people said,
“In every land, by every sea,
Where we can plant this daily bread
Wherewith the nations shall be fed.”
“Feed all my flock,” their Father said,
“Offer this sacrifice to me,
I am the God who made you free.”

“How long, O Lord !” his people cried :
“So many lands beneath thy sun,
Which mountains part or seas divide !
Lord ! hear our prayer, and make them one.”

And he :
“One world, one home, one family,
One blood on every land or sea,
One household of my own shall be :
For this I make my children free.”

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

. . . Hand must aim
At plucking gold fruit from the apple leaves

ROBERT BROWNING

